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CARACAROS AND ZEDARA.

—
AN INDIAN TALE.

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(Concluded.)
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In the dead of the night, a messenger arrived at the camp of Caracaros with the unwelcome tidings, that the detachment, which had been sent off under the command of Guyomar, had been defeated by a troop of Spanish horse, and that the gallant youth had been mortally wounded by the Spanish Chief, whose principal object seemed to be the carrying off Zedara, in which he had unluckily succeeded.

The distress our noble Indian felt upon this occasion, can be easier imagined than described: he started from his tent, frantic at the intelligence; and flew to Mestees, where he had the mournful satisfaction of embracing Guyomar, just before he expired. The youth had fought with uncommon courage hand to hand with the chief of the enemy, who made his attack in the most desperate manner, and who no sooner saw Zedara in the hands of his followers, than he ordered them to desist from the combat, which was entirely in his own favour, and rode off in triumph.

This Spanish officer was no other than Don Sebastian, who, being posted

with a body of horse within a few miles of the head quarters of Don Lopez, no sooner discovered that the enemy had carried off his adorable Mariana, than he determined to recover her, or die in the attempt. To this end he selected a band of soldiers, whose valour he had often experienced, and proceeded to watch the motions of Caracaros, from one of whose straggling troops he learned the circumstance of Mariana's being sent to Mestees; on which he pursued the detachment with the utmost celerity, overtook and defeated it as above mentioned.

The beautiful Indian was not a little surprised at the sight of Sebastian, who loaded her with caresses, while she expressed her apprehensions for Guyomar's safety with the greatest anxiety. This led her to explain to Sebastian who she really was, and to acquaint him with the reasons which occasioned her to keep her being the daughter of Caracaros a secret. The Spaniard was alarmed at this information; he was conscious he had given her brother his mortal wound, but thought it best for the present to conceal it from her, and use every means in his power to alleviate her sorrow.

An inundation, occasioned by the melting of snow on the high mountains, which is common in that quarter of the globe, prevented Sebastian from return-

ing to the capital the usual road ; and, in endeavouring to ford a small river which had been greatly increased by the floods, he was suddenly surrounded by one of the parties which Caracaros had dispatched to harass the enemy. He fought courageously for some minutes ; but his horse, receiving a wound from one of the enemy's arrows, in spite of his efforts to prevent him, jumped into the flood, and was carried down the stream with the utmost rapidity. His troops being pressed by a superior force, were presently broken and put to flight, while Zedara once more fell into the hands of the Mexicans, to whom she directly made herself known, and desired to be conveyed to her father.

Caracaros, penetrated with the most lively grief for the death of his son, had retired to an unfrequented cave near Mestees, which had frequently afforded him an asylum from his enemies, and which he now pitched upon as the burial-place for the lamented youth. The sight of his daughter threw a suffusion of joy over his countenance ; he tenderly embraced her, and, after hearing the manner in which she had been treated by Sebastian, suspected she had a partiality in his favour. He was soon confirmed in his conjecture, by her hinting that Sebastian desired nothing more than to put an end to the bloody war which had been so long carried on with the natives ; and that, as a proof of his earnest wishes for a happy reconciliation, he had instructed her to acquaint Caracaros, that he should esteem the hand of his daughter the greatest honour that could be conferred upon him.

The valiant Indian started at these words, and, darting a look full of resentment at Zedara, struck into the cave, from whence he instantly returned bearing a bloody robe which he displaying before her : " Behold," said he, " degenerate girl, these fatal stains. This is my brother's vestment ; his blood cries loudly for vengeance on that villain whose praises you have just been so lavish in." Zedara was filled with horror at these words ; she sunk sense-

less upon the ground, and was conveyed soon after by her attendants to Mestees, where the disturbance of her mind threw her into a disorder from which the most melancholy consequences were apprehended.

Sebastian, after being carried a considerable way down the stream, with difficulty reached the opposite shore, from whence, wandering some time thro' unfrequented paths, he at length arrived at a village garrisoned by the Spaniards. Here he learned the important news, that Don Lopez had resigned his military employments, and that he himself was advanced to the chief command of the Spanish forces. This intelligence greatly relieved the perturbation of his mind, and, after making the necessary dispositions for dislodging the enemy, he sent overtures of a very honourable nature to Caracaros, and repeated the offer he had made, with respect to his daughter. The inflexible Indian, however would hearken to no terms of accommodation, and pursued his operations with redoubled vigour. Tired of making war in detail, this intrepid chief encouraged his troops to hazard a general battle. In order to deceive the Spaniards, the natives made a feint of retiring before them. The Europeans pushed close upon their rear, till the Mexicans came between two hills, within a few miles of Mestees, when they suddenly made a stand, and Sebastian found himself flanked by two bodies of his enemies. The action presently became general : but, from Caracaros's having received a shot in his lungs, and the enemy's artillery being admirably served, the Indians became disheartened, and were soon put to flight, notwithstanding their advantageous situation. A great slaughter ensued, and Caracaros, with the shattered remains of his troops, took refuge in Mestees, which was immediately after invested by the victor, and summoned instantly to surrender. The Indian chief, finding his death was at hand, sent for his daughter, who was now in a state of recovery from the malady she had suffered. Zedara came

weeping into his presence ; she fell upon her knees, and kissed her father's hand ; but he turned himself from her, and, after upbraiding her with betraying her country, sacrificing the gods of her fathers, and wishing to marry the murderer of her brother, stabbed her to the heart.

This ferocious act of savage patriotism struck all the beholders with horror. A few minutes after, Sebastian, to whom the gates had been opened by the people, upon his solemn promise that their lives should be spared, entered the mournful apartment, when Caracaras, observing him petrified with astonishment at the dreadful spectacle, in dying accents addressed him to this purport : " Christian, my son's revenged ;—thou shalt not o'er his grave exult—my daughter owes her death to thee—fare thee well, and know that Caracaras despised thy offers, as he wished not to survive the freedom of his country." Here death stopped his further utterance, and the attention of the spectators was attracted by Sebastian, who threw himself upon the body of the lifeless Mariana, in an agony of despair ; and it was with the utmost difficulty his attendants could separate him from her.

She was interred with great funeral pomp a short time after, in the Cathedral Church at Mexico, by the direction of her lover, who caused a monument to be erected to her memory, containing an inscription, reciting her melancholy story, engraved in letters of gold.

TRUTH.

Zenocrates, an Athenian philosopher, was so highly celebrated for his truth and veracity, that one day, when he approached the altar, to confirm by oath the truth of what he had asserted, the judges unanimously declared his word was a sufficient evidence, and would not suffer him to take the oath.



In silence seek the path of peace.

EARTHQUAKE AT CARACCAS.

(Concluded.)

THREE thousand wounded of all ranks were collected and placed at first on the banks of a river, under the shade of some trees : but they were absolutely in want of every thing, even the most indispensable requisites ; they were abandoned to the medicine of consolation : they were told that they must conform to the decrees of Providence, and that every thing was for the best.

During this awful crisis, a judicious observer of mankind might have witnessed a striking exhibition of the manners, character, and principles, by which the Spanish people are regulated in their conduct.

Their extreme insensibility is scarcely credible : I saw fathers of families who had lost five or six children, friends, relations, and their whole property, without shedding a tear ; most of them consoling themselves by holding a conversation with an image of the Virgin, or some privileged saint.* Others gayly drowned their sorrow in rum ; and all appeared much less grieved at the event, than they would have been at the loss of a process which affected their rank as nobles, or deprived them of their precedence in a public company, or at a religious procession.

It is too true, that human beings, naturally superstitious and ungrateful, never so cordially respect their deities or their kings when they are beneficent as when they are severe : the more rigorous they are, the more just and equitable are they esteemed. Such is the lot of mankind ! they forget benefits ; and governors, in order to acquire the homage which is due to them, must be feared : gratitude and love are sentiments too delicate to be common among mankind.

Good Friday is without doubt the most imposing of the Catholic holidays : it is

* The Divine Being among the Spaniards seems to be absolutely unknown ; they never speak of him : it is the Virgin and the Saints who receive all their homage.

that which ought to inspire the most pious reflections; but at the Caraccas, as in many other places, on this occasion, the women are occupied with their dress, more anxious perhaps to appear amiable in the sight of men than to worship the Supreme Being: they think of nothing but amusement, and they almost forget that Being who does not manifest himself openly. But scarcely had they experienced the earthquake, when they said it was the thunder of Heaven sent to punish the crimes of mortals: their elegant clothes were immediately laid aside; those who had it in their power changed them for coarse garments, by way of showing their penitence: sackcloth, cords, and chains, were substituted for elegant fashions and seductive head-dresses. The ladies now subjected themselves to monastic discipline, and beat without remorse their bosoms, but a short time before adorned with the most costly jewels: many of the gentlemen at the same time forgot their gallantry for fanaticism; and in order to appease the anger of Heaven, they walked night and day in processions, the body entirely uncovered, with the exception of a large girdle, barefooted and with long beards, a cord around their necks to which was frequently attached a large stone, and on their shoulders they sometimes carried a wooden cross 100 or 150 pounds in weight.

In the city and throughout the country there were processions day and night; every mountain was transformed into a Calvary, where the people dying with hunger implored the divine mercy, embracing with groans the relics of their tutelar saints.

Every one accused himself of having called down the anger of Heaven, and of having caused the universal calamity: those who could not meet with a priest openly confessed their sins upon the highways, accusing themselves of robberies and murders which they had secretly committed.

In less than two days about 2,000 individuals (who perhaps never had any intention of the kind) were married:

relations formerly despised or neglected on account of their poverty were now recognised: many unfortunate children, the fruits of an illegitimate intercourse, who had never known father or mother, were now acknowledged and legitimated. At the same time an infinite number of restitutions were made, and lawsuits terminated. But notwithstanding all this remorse, a singular and paradoxical spectacle was exhibited to the eyes of the philosopher: while one half of the multitude thus hastened to expiate their offences, the other half, who perhaps never had been guilty of any great crimes before, but possessing an accommodating conscience, profited by the confusion, and with the utmost composure committed every imaginable excess.

In the mean time the shocks from the earthquake continued;—every day and every hour some ruins fell, which had been only shaken by the first commotions. On the 5th of April, at four in the afternoon, there was a shock so violent that several mountains were rent asunder, many inclined from their centre of gravity, and enormous detached rocks were precipitated to the valleys.

From the above hour until nine o'clock next morning the shocks were violent, and so frequent as to admit of an interval of about five minutes only between each; and during these intervals a rumbling subterraneous noise was heard, and the earth was continually agitated.

The succession of these phenomena was not interrupted in the month of December, 1812, when the narrator left the place, and those were reckoned the most tranquil days, in which there were only fifteen or twenty shocks! Every thing was destroyed; the ramparts of La Guyra, not less than twenty feet in thickness, were thrown down. As a natural consequence of the opening of the mountains, which are the great reservoirs of water, some rivers were observed to have considerably increased. Many high mountains were rent right across the centre, and that called La Silla has sunk more than sixty fathoms.

ACCOUNT OF THE TONGA OR FRIENDLY ISLANDS.

BY WILLIAM MARINER, SEVERAL YEARS RESIDENT THERE.

From the British Critic.

(Concluded.)

FORTUNATELY for Mr. Mariner, Finow, the king, had taken an extraordinary liking to him when he first saw him on board the *Port-au-Prince*; he accordingly took him under his protection, and provided him with every thing necessary for his maintenance and comfort. The anecdotes subsequently related of the manners of these islanders, and the occurrences which took place during Mr. Mariner's residence among them, have certainly a considerable portion of interest; but it must be nevertheless acknowledged that this interest is by no means kept up to the conclusion of the work, indeed it so far lessens that the reader is in great danger of being sickened with the sanguinary details of the barbarous wars between these neighbouring islanders, and turns with disgust from scenes too frequently introduced, of the dashing out the brains of the Indian warriors with their massive clubs.

Among a great many local anecdotes which will be found amusing, we shall insert one highly characteristic of the constitution of mind of these extraordinary people.

"In former times there lived a Tooï (governor) of Vavaoo, who exercised a very tyrannical deportment towards his people; at length, when it was no longer to be borne, a certain chief meditated a plan of insurrection, and was resolved to free his countrymen from such odious slavery, or to be sacrificed himself in the attempt: being however treacherously deceived by one of his own party, the tyrant became acquainted with his plan, and immediately had him arrested. He was condemned to be taken out to sea and drowned, and all his family and relations were ordered to be massacred, that none of his race

might remain. One of his daughters, a beautiful girl, young and interesting, had been reserved to be the wife of a chief of considerable rank, and she too would have sunk the victim of the merciless destroyer, had it not been for the generous exertions of another young chief, who a short time before had discovered the cavern of Hoonga. This discovery he had kept within his breast a profound secret, reserving it as a place of retreat for himself, in case he should be unsuccessful in a plan of revolt which he also had in view. He had long been enamoured of this beautiful young maiden, but had never dared to make her acquainted with the soft emotions of his heart, knowing that she was betrothed to a chief of higher rank and greater power. But now the dreadful moment arrived when she was about to be cruelly sacrificed to the rancour of a man, to whom he was a most deadly enemy. No time was to be lost; he flew to her abode, communicated in a few short words the decree of the tyrant, declared himself her deliverer if she would trust to his honour, and, with eyes speaking the most tender affections, he waited with breathless expectation for an answer. Soon her consenting hand was clasped in his: the shades of evening favoured their escape; whilst the wood, the covert, or the grove, afforded her concealment, till her lover had brought a small canoe to a lonely part of the beach. In this they speedily embarked, and as he paddled her across the smooth wave, he related his discovery of the cavern destined to be her asylum till an opportunity offered of conveying her to the Fiji islands. She, who had entrusted her personal safety entirely to his care, hesitated not to consent to whatever plan he might think promotive of their ultimate escape; her heart being full of gratitude, love and confidence found an easy access. They soon arrived at the rock, he leaped into the water, and she, instructed by him, followed close after: they rose into the cavern, and rested from their fears and their fatigue, partaking of some refreshment which he had brought there for

himself, little thinking, at the time, of the happiness that was in store for him. Early in the morning he returned to Vavaoo to avoid suspicion ; but did not fail, in the course of the day, to repair again to the place which held all that was dear to him : he brought her mats to lie on, the finest gnatoo for a change of dress, the best of food for her support, sandal wood oil, cocoa nuts, and every thing he could think of to render her life as comfortable as possible. He gave her as much of his company as prudence would allow, and at the most appropriate times, lest the prying eye of curiosity should find out his retreat. He pleaded his tale of love with the most impassioned eloquence, half of which would have been sufficient to have won her warmest affections, for she owed her life to his prompt and generous exertions at the risk of his own : and how was he delighted when he heard the confession from her own lips, that she had long regarded him with a favourable eye, but a sense of duty had caused her to smother the growing fondness, till the late sad misfortune of her family, and the circumstances attending her escape, had revived all her latent affections, to bestow them wholly upon a man to whom they were so justly due. How happy were they in this solitary retreat ! tyrannic power now no longer reached them : shut out from the world and all its cares and perplexities ;—secure from all the eventful changes attending upon greatness, cruelty, and ambition :—themselves were the only powers they served, and they were infinitely delighted with this simple form of government. But although this asylum was their great security in their happiest moments, they could not always enjoy each other's company ; it was equally necessary to their safety that he should be often absent from her, and frequently for a length of time together, lest his conduct should be watched. The young chief therefore panted for an opportunity to convey her to happier scenes, where his ardent imagination pictured to him the means of procuring for her every

enjoyment and comfort, which her amiable qualifications so well entitled her to : nor was it a great while before an opportunity offering, he devised the means of restoring her with safety to the cheerful light of day. He signified to his inferior chiefs and matabooles, that it was his intention to go to the Fiji islands, and he wished them to accompany him with their wives and female attendants, but he desired them on no account to mention to the latter the place of their destination, lest they should inadvertently betray their intention, and the governing chief prevent their departure. A large canoe was soon got ready, and every necessary preparation made for their voyage. As they were on the point of their departure, they asked him if he would not take a Tonga wife with him. He replied, no ! but he should probably find one by the way : this they thought a joke, but in obedience to his orders they said no more, and, every body being on board, they put to sea. As they approached the shores of Hoonga, he directed them to steer to such a point, and having approached close to a rock, according to his orders, he got up, and desired them to wait there while he went into the sea to fetch his wife ; and without staying to be asked any questions, he sprang into the water from that side of the canoe farthest from the rock, swam under the canoe, and proceeded forward into the sanctuary which had so well concealed his greatest and dearest treasure. Every body on board was greatly surprised at his strange conduct, and began to think him insane : and after a little lapse of time, not seeing him come up, they were greatly alarmed for his safety, imagining a shark must have seized him. Whilst they were all in the greatest concern, debating what was best to be done, whether they ought to dive down after him, or wait according to his orders, for that perhaps he had only swam round and was come up in some niche of the rock, intending to surprise them ;—their wonder was increased beyond all powers of expression, when they saw him rise to

the surface of the water, and come into the canoe with a beautiful female. At first they mistook her for a goddess, and their astonishment was not lessened when they recognised her countenance, and found her to be a person, whom they had no doubt was killed in the general massacre of her family; and this they thought must be her apparition. But how agreeably was their wonder softened down into the most interesting feelings, when the young chief related to them the discovery of the cavern and the whole circumstance of her escape. All the young men on board could not refrain envying him his happiness in the possession of so lovely and interesting a creature. They arrived safe at one of the Fiji islands, and resided with a certain chief for two years: at the end of which time, hearing of the death of the tyrant Vavao, the young chief returned with his wife to the last mentioned island, and lived long in peace and happiness."

After a long continuance in one or other of those islands, and being perhaps, from gratitude, as well as from a sense of personal security, the involuntary associate of many murder scenes, Mr. Mariner contrived to make his escape on board an English vessel, in which he proceeded to China. The remainder of the work is occupied by a detailed account of Finow, the king, the benefactor and patron of Mr. Mariner, the situation and influence of the chiefs, the religious ideas and ceremonies of the people, and a general view of the state of society among them.

A chapter is also given to the medical knowledge which they possess, and the skill which they exhibit in the performance of certain operations. Such manufactures also as have been carried to any degree of perfection, with minute accounts of their dances, songs, and music, bring the reader not unreluctantly to the conclusion. But the most valuable part of this performance, in the opinion of the editor, is what he terms a grammar of the Tonga language, with two vocabularies, of considerable extent, of Tonga and English, and English and Tonga.

SEA SERPENT.

In Rollin's Ancient History, under the head of "First Punic War," we find the following account of an enormous serpent which was slain by the Roman army under Regulus, after the departure of his colleague Manlius for Rome. The monster seems to have borne a strong affinity to the one lately seen in the harbor of Gloucester, and who it appears, after chasing a number of boats, that went in pursuit of him, and with difficulty escaped, had shifted, by the last accounts, his cruising ground to Kettle Cove, about four miles westward of Cape Ann.

"In the interval, betwixt the departure of Manlius, and the king of Tunis, we are to place the memorable combat of Regulus and his whole army with a serpent of so prodigious a size, that the fabulous one of Cadmus is hardly comparable to it. The story of this serpent was elegantly written by Livy, but it is now lost. Valerius Maximus, however, partly repairs that loss; and, in the last chapter of his first book, gives us the account of this monster from Livy himself. He, Livy, says, that on the banks of Bagrada, an African river, lay a serpent of so enormous a size that it kept the whole Roman army from coming to the River. Several soldiers had been buried in the wide cavern of its belly, and many pressed to death in the spiral volumes of its tail. Its skin was impenetrable to darts; and it was with repeated endeavours that stones, slung from military engines, at last killed it. The serpent then exhibited a sight that was more terrible to the Roman cohorts and legions than even Carthage itself. The streams of the river were died with its blood; and the stench of its putrified carcass infecting the adjacent country, the Roman army was forced to decamp. Its skin, 120 feet long, was sent to Rome; and if Pliny may be credited, was to be seen, together with the jawbone of the same monster, in the temple where they were first deposited, as low as the Numantine war."—*Bost. Patriot.*

ALZIRA.

HEAR, ye damsels of Damascus, the apologue of the aged Hourah, the wise dervise, whose lips are as the doors of knowledge, and whose life is holy, as the rule of conduct promulgated by Ali to Mahomet! He would teach you to be wise, and to be wise is to be happy; to abstain from unavailing regrets at the dispensations of Providence, whose government is universal, and whose dominion is Love.

Alzira was the pride of the house of Azroth, the darling of her father, the treasure of all her friends. For her gratification the finest gems of Arabia were stolen from their parent beds, and the choicest looms of Cassimere, employed for her attire. Her eyes were brilliant as the sands of Golconda, her nose was Circassian, and her breath was fragrant as almonds and myrrh. The bird of Paradise was stripped for her turban, and the feathers of the red lory shone in her tiara. The youths of Cairo saluted her hand, and the damsels of Suez bowed to her superior accomplishments. Yet was she unhappy! In vain were the finest silks laid at her feet; in vain was the finest ermine tinged for her decoration, and the gifts of nature were rendered subject to her sway.

Lost to joy, and immersed in melancholy, she threw herself at the foot of a cedar; the dance of cymbals even added to her affliction; and with eyes bedewed with tears, she unconsciously gazed on an helinthus, whose bursting seeds nearly bore it to the earth.

"Am I for ever to accuse Mahomet of injustice!" said she, "Alas! what avails it, if all the youth of Syria bend before me in adoration, if those I admire are driven from my presence? What is to me the officious attentions of friendship, while my heart, cankered with care, pants only to return their kindness. The prophet still levels his arrows at my head, for Mirzah, the gentle Mirzah, is taken from me, and while he is absent, Alzira can know no peace.—Mirzah is my love, my all. Why is it, oh Ali, that thou has caused me to love

and to be beloved only for my punishment? Why has thou dried up the source of the most delicious of sensations? Are my days to pass away without a companion in my pleasures, or a solace in my griefs? Alas, my father! the angel of death even now hovers around you, and the poor Alzira shall become solitary as the antelope of the desert. Yes, Ali is a god of punishment, who delights in cruelty: Alzira groans in misery, while he glories in the power he enjoys to make me wretched."

Thus, in despair, the daughter of Zimri, ventured to arraign the just dispensations of Providence, and presumed to judge of effects according to her weak abilities, without being able to form a proper estimate of the cause: when, on a sudden, the blue lightning flashed, thunder rent the air, and the angel Gelecet stood before her. The divinity of his features was obscured, for Gelecet, tho' immortal, could not perceive, without emotion, the ravages which sorrow had made on the fair face of Alzira. Assuming the office of Ali, he rebuked her with a look of pity, "Oh, damsel!" he exclaimed, "to whom the Houri are only superior in beauty, restrain those violent accusations of Providence, lest they provoke the displeasure of that being, who, in a moment, can bow you to the dust, and convey your limbs to the vultures, like a whirlwind in the desert. Take this mirror, and behold with attention those who now appear to you objects of love: regard this glass as a boon from heaven: it will enable you to see their hearts and their actions in the colouring of truth."

"Aladdin, chief of the Janizeries," said the angel, "was once the object of your affection; contemplate now the instability of his friendship. The genius stamped with his foot, and Alzira beheld the form of her first love, not radiant in honor and bravery, but the symbol of a man delighting in blood, she saw him in the midst of a mosque in flames, insulting a beautiful damsel; she perceived him rending the hair of her father, a venerable Mufti; she again looked, and discovered him plundering

the wretched. The mirror of Geleceet also shewed his heart, it was blasted with every violent passion; and she now found that an exterior of manly beauty covered a form hateful to the sight." Taking her eyes from the horrible scene, she begged the Genius to remove so disagreeable a picture. Aladdin, she recollected, was the victim of passion, and had excited her anger; "but why is the kind Solyman banished, she uttered, "from my presence? Regularity presided in his household; his slaves were well ordered; he observed the new moons and ablutions; he was neither addicted to wine, nor to the use of opium; he visited the mosque of Erad, and promised on his return to sacrifice at the holy tomb of our prophet. Vice, I could swear, never entered his bosom, for his life seemed to flow in an even current." "He was a hypocrite," said Geleceet; "but take again the mirror." She saw him in the caravansera, overreaching even the merchants of Delhi: he had already sold false brilliants for real, and, with drachms of ill-gottengold, had retired to his seat. Alzira was thunderstruck; but what were her sensations when she heard him resolve that her dear father should soon cease to deprive him of enjoying so fine a patrimony! and learnt that he had even deposited treasure in a bag, which was intended as a bribe for his destroyer. Irritated to excess, she had dashed the unoffending mirror to the earth, but the Genius interposed, until she had viewed the hearts of all those whom she conceived might have rendered her happy. Here she beheld a husband lording it over a tender female who had doated on him; there wandered inexorable murderers; some she saw leaving their haram for strange slaves; and even her dear Mirzah, she was told, was a reviler of the great prophet. "Oh, gracious Mahomet!" exclaimed the terrified Alzira; "forgive the humblest of thy handmaids; where, oh where is the wretched daughter of Zimri to look for happiness!" In that power which is above," said the genius; "leave thy destiny to him, who is the arbiter of thy fate: cease

to dictate to all-seeing wisdom, surrender thyself to his will, and Ali will assist thee. Go, comfort thy aged father who bemoans thy discontent. The angel of death is not commissioned to bear him to the tomb; depart thyself then, as becometh a dutiful child, and leave the rest to Ali."

The vision disappeared. Alzira composed in mind, returned to her father, whose anxiety she subdued. Sleep again visited her eye-lids, and Alzira became once more the child of content.

FROM KOSTER'S TRAVELS IN BRAZIL.

"I heard of a strange custom existing in these parts of the country that are so thinly inhabited, which arises from this state of things. Certain priests obtain a licence from the bishop (of Pernambuco,) and travel through these regions with a small altar constructed for the purpose; of a size to be placed upon one side of a pack saddle, and they have with them all their apparatus for saying mass. Thus with a horse conveying the necessary paraphernalia, and a boy to drive it, who likewise assists in saying mass, and another horse on which the priest himself rides, and carries his own small portmanteau, these men make in the course of the year between 150 and 200*l.*—a large income in Brazil, but hardly earned, if the inconvenience and privations which they must undergo to obtain it are taken into consideration.—They stop and erect the altar wherever a sufficient number of persons who are willing to pay for the mass is collected. This will sometimes be said for three or four shillings, but at other times, if a rich man takes a fancy to a priest, or has a fit of extreme devotion upon him, he will give eight or ten *mil reis*, two or three pounds, and it does happen, that one hundred *mil reis* are received for saying a mass, but this is very rare: at times an ox or an horse, or two or three, are given.—These men have their use in the world; if this custom did not exist, all form of worship would be completely out of the reach of the inhabitants of many districts, or at any rate they would

not be able to attend more than once or twice in the course of the year, for it must be remembered there is no church within twenty or thirty leagues of some parts ; besides, where there is no law, nor real, rational religion, any thing is better than nothing. They christen and marry, and thus preserve these necessary forms of religion, and prevent a total forgetfulness of the established rules of civilized society : a sufficient link is kept up to make any of these people, if they removed into more populous districts, conform to received ideas."

VARIETY.

CURIOUS LOVE LETTER.

Miss Rebecca Robinson,

DEAR MISS,

You have been so long and so deeply in the books of my heart, that I must beg that you will immediately *pay* or *secure* what is due to me in affection, otherwise I must shortly become a *bankrupt* in happiness, and have such a *statute* taken out against my *peace*, as will render it wholly impossible ever to *re-establish* myself in the shop of *tranquility*.

When I first *transcribed* your account current into the *journal* of my regard, you gave me a *bill* on *hope*, which I flattered myself would have been *duly honoured* ; but I had the mortification of finding when it was *presented* for *acceptance*, that your *draft* was improperly *drawn*, *hope's* house had entirely *stopped payment*, and the *bill* after lying several days in the *bank of anxiety* was at last necessarily *protested*.

This being the *real state* of the transaction, I must repeat my request, that you will either *strike a balance* with me directly, or give me *good security* for a speedy *discharge* of my demand ; I am this moment extremely *embarrassed* through your want of *punctuality*, and would not go on a single week longer in this distraction of my *affairs* for a *plum*. You know as well as any body the *regularity* which is required in bu-

siness, and cannot be insensible if my *addresses* are *blown* on the *exchange* of love. I shall find it inconceivably difficult to hold up my head, and still more so to procure a *partner*.

As I believe you, therefore, to have a large *warehouse* of *honour*, though I have experienced you to be but slenderly *stocked* with *tenderness*, let me conjure you, therefore, at *sight* to answer this letter in the *needful*, your own *promissory* note ; nay, even your *I. O. U.* will save me from *smashing*, and keep him from the *gazette* of despair, who is, dear Miss Becky, your faithful correspondent,

JONATHAN JENKINGS.

BURNING A LEPER.

A letter from a Missionary in India, dated Cutwas, Sept. 7, 1812, says, "last week I witnessed the burning of a poor leper. A pit about ten cubits was dug and a fire placed at the bottom of it. The poor man rolled himself into it, but instantly on feeling the fire begged to be taken out, and struggled hard for that purpose. His mother and sister, however, thrust him in again ; and thus a man, who to all appearance might have survived some years longer, was cruelly burnt to death. I find that the practice is not uncommon in these parts." The practice of diseased persons, and especially those heavily afflicted with the leprosy, drowning themselves is very common, and is recommended in the writings of the Hindoos. The poor wretch died with the notion that by thus purifying his body in the fire, he should receive a happy transmigration into a healthful body ; whereas if he had died by the disease, he would after four births, have appeared on earth a leper again."

A SENTIMENT.

If you ask me, said Lavater, which is the real hereditary sin of human nature, do you imagine I shall answer pride, or luxury, or ambition, or even egotism ? No, I will say *Indolence*. He who conquers indolence, will conquer all the rest

ETYMOLOGICAL NOVELTIES.

Newgate—The principal prison in London. Its name originated in a quaint remark upon young offenders, who at their entrance, when annoyed by the miserable incumbrance of fetters, are observed to walk about with a *new gait*.

Army—A corruption of *ah me*! An engine of ambition the woeful effects of which from the first time they appeared on the plains of Hebron, down to the present day, have caused fatherless children and childless fathers, widows and mothers, sisters and brothers, lovers and friends, to bedew their pillows with tears and often sigh *Ah me*!

Mendicant—Why do you not go to work! Alas, your honour, work I can get none, to go to gaol I am very loth, and *mend I cant*.

Overseers—Of the poor, &c. men are very apt to overlook many abuses, which they ought to look into and correct, in the establishments over which they preside.

Extravagance—Originally *extra-vagrants*, from its adding so much to the community of beggars.

Usher—One who, in the absence of the master labourer, in vain to preserve silence amidst a host of noisy, squabbling school boys; hence, by way of jest, his approach was hailed—here comes the *husher*.

Maid—This is a playful contradiction; maid before marriage, and no longer maid when married, and yet *made* when well married.



THE LADIES.

A solitary philosopher would imagine ladies born with an exemption from care and sorrow, lulled in perpetual quiet, and feasted with unmingled pleasure—for what can interrupt the contentment of those, upon whom one age has labored after another to confer honors and accumulate immunities; to those whom rudeness is infamy, and insult cowardice; whose eye commanded the brave, and whose smiles soften the severe; whom the sailor travels to adorn, the soldier bleeds to defend, and the poet wears out his life to celebrate;

who claim tribute from every art and science, and for whom all who approach endeavour to multiply delights, without requiring any return but willingness to be pleased.—*Johnson*.



ASYLUM FOR OLD MAIDS AND BACHELORS.

A Society (says the Columbian Telescope) is forming for colonizing old Maids and Bachelors.—They talk of *Musquito cove* and *Dismal swamp*.



MORAL SENTIMENTS.

If the rational faculty in all human beings were not equally capable of improvement, a reason would be wanting for the endeavours used by the professors of christianity, in spreading what they believe to be their superior knowledge, among the less enlightened inhabitants of the earth.

What an important point would be gained, if the worshippers of Juggernaut could be prevailed with to admit, that no being who cannot give life can have a right to take it away: but should this good work be attempted by a compassionate christian, how natural would it be for a well informed Hindoo to say "If this be the serious opinion of you christians, how happens it that you are almost always engaged in war with each other; and annually immolating, in mines and otherwise, such numbers of mankind, over whom you have no other right than what superior force and greater subtlety gives you? Surely if it be allowable to destroy life at all, he who in the manner of doing it, injures no one but himself, must at least be as innocent as they who make a regular business of destroying one another. Can that religion be less reconcileable to reason and humanity which barely permits devotees to offer up their own lives, than that which allows them by every means which the most subtle ingenuity can devise, or the most unfeeling cruelty can execute, to destroy millions? and yet it is for such a religion as this, that you would persuade the worshippers of Juggernaut to forsake theirs!!!"

Seat of the Muses.

For the Ladies' Weekly Museum.

DESPAIR.

His pillow is gem'd with the tears of the sky,
And the hoar-frost of autumn hath silver'd his hair;
The bitter'n's hoarse screaming he heeds not on high,
For his name—need I tell ye?—his name is Despair!

Alone and unfriended, the land of the dead
At midnight he visits, dejected and pale;
In the cold lap of death he bosoms his head,
And the pilgrim affrights with his heart-chilling wail.

On the bleak, dizzy cliff, of the mountain's dark brow,
Full often he wanders, unmindful of fear;
But his heart, though o'erburthen'd with sorrow and woe,
Is seldom reliev'd by a sigh or a tear.

His bosom's commotion no soothing can calm,
But fury and madness his reason expel,
Till grasping a dagger, while fiends nerve his arm,
He sheathes in his bosom, and rushes to hell.

C.

For the Ladies' Weekly Museum.

LINES

ON LEAVING A BEAUTIFUL VILLAGE.

Adieu, dear spot of earth, adieu!
No more these eyes your charms shall view,
No more these feet shall dash the dew
From off those sweetly-scented flow'rs,
That bloom so beauteous and so fair
In your almost Elysian bow'rs.
And with such fragrance fills that air
Which I, perchance, no more may breathe:
but yet,
Though absent long, I never can forget
Those hours of sweet tranquility,
Which I have tasted 'neath yon tree,
And which I thought had out-liv'd me!
But while I saw its branches shoot,

And view'd its leaves yet fresh and green,
A little worm knaw'd at its root,
And quickly chang'd the pleasing scene!
Too soon I saw its trunk decay,
And all its beauty fade away:
Its wither'd leaves were wafted on the wind,
Nor one lone trace of verdure left behind!

Ah, wither'd tree,
Full soon like thee
This form shall be
Of worms the prey;
Full soon the night
Of death shall blight,
And shroud from sight
This trunk of clay!

But though, alas! this fragile form
Like thee must fall to earth,
By man forgot—and to the worm
Become both food and mirth;
Yet O there is a heavenly seed
That death cannot destroy;
On which no worm shall ever feed,—
No reptile e'er annoy.

This seed is that immortal soul
Which God to man has giv'n,
And which in death
Religion's breath
Will safely waft to Heav'n.

ALBERT.

For the Ladies' Weekly Museum.

TO HEALTH.

GODDESS divine! thy cheerful smile
The ling'ring moments can beguile,
That roll oppress'd with trouble, toils and cares;
When thou dost wave thy lovely hand
Blithe cheerfulness o'erspreads the land;
And blest content in ev'ry face appears.

Celestial Health! the gods above,
Who dwell in realms of endless love,
Without thy cheering presence were unblest:
Thou dwell'st upon the thrones on high,
Through the vast regions of the sky;
And sways thy sceptre through the climes
of rest.

Descend to earth, celestial maid!
In thy immortal robe array'd,

And cheer us with thy all-enliv'ning smiles ;
 So shall we bless the happy day,
 When first we felt thy genial sway ;
 And pleas'd submit to trouble, cares and
 toils.

And I the bard, whose homely song
 Shall ceaseless play the groves among,
 Would raptur'd take thee to my longing
 arms :

Then would we wander through the
 groves,

And hear the warblers tune their loves,
 And banquet on the flow of nature's charms-

Before the messenger of morn
 Announc'd the approach of early dawn,
 Pleas'd would we leave the couch of sloth
 and ease ;

To yonder hillock's misty brow,
 With musing step, we'd wander slow,
 And taste the fragrance of the early breeze.

Along the margin of the stream,
 Where the new sunbeams scarcely gleam,
 We'd rove and hear the bubb'ling waters
 play ;

Hear the soft warblers ope their throats,
 And pour their harmonizing notes,
 Rejoicing at the approach of golden day.

A. STRONG.

Durham, (N. Y.) May 1st, 1817.

—o—
 For the Ladies' Weekly Museum.

LIFE'S FOUR SEASONS.

THE spring of life is smiling Infancy ;
 Its fervid summer, Youth, brimful of glee ;
 Its autumn, Manhood, weigh'd with wasting
 care,
 Its freezing winter, Age—which ends life's
 year. S.

—o—
 For the Ladies' Weekly Museum.

INGRATITUDE.

THERE is a wound, so deep and wide,
 No earthly balm can heal ;
 There is a pang that Lethe's tide
 Could never yet conceal.

Ingratitude, what balm on earth
 Thy wounds may ever cure ?
 Not beauty's smile, nor voice of mirth
 Thy victim's peace restore.

Hence, hence ! away, thou deadly foe
 Of happiness the whole ;
 Hence, hence ! away, I feel thy blow,
 Thou Palsy of the SOUL !

R—.

—o—

[Selected for the Ladies' Weekly Museum,
 from the miscellaneous poems of ROBERT S. COFFIN, lately published in Boston, Mass.]

—

O TELL ME NOT THAT WINE WILL SOOTH.

O TELL me not that wine will sooth

The heart oppress'd with woe ;

O tell me not that wine will smooth

Grim Penury's haggard brow :

For though its wave may beam as bright

As ev'ning's brilliant tear,

It cannot gild misfortune's night,

Or calm the sinner's fear.

O tell me not that beauty's smile,
 (That sun of cloudless morn,)

Can black despair of woe beguile,
 Or blunt affliction's thorn ;

For though awhile its beams may play
 Where health and pleasure bloom,

Disease will shroud its pleasing ray,—
 It shines not in the tomb.

O tell me not that fame can give
 The canker'd conscience peace ;

O tell me not that fame will live
 When hope and life shall cease ;

For though it points where honor bleeds,
 And bids the bosom burn,

Yet, as the lightning swift, recedes,
 When time hath grasp'd his urn.

But tell me that Religion's ray
 Can light the soul to heaven ;

O tell me this can point the way
 To him on quicksands driven,

And I'll believe ;—for well I know
 That this alone can save,

That this can chase the clouds of woe,
 And gild the peasant's grave.

—o—

OLD EPIGRAM.

A woman fiercely did assail,
 Her husband with sharp speech but sharper
 nail,

One that stood by and saw her, to her said,
 Why do you use him so ? he is your head.

He is my head, quoth she, indeed 'tis true,
 I do but scratch my head, and so may you.

NEW-YORK,
SATURDAY, AUGUST 30, 1817.

Intelligence.



The ship *Courier*, capt. Bowne, which arrived here on Wednesday, left Liverpool the 20th ult. at which time Flour was about 12 dollars a barrel. Accounts from all quarters, speak of abundant crops, and the fall of bread stuffs in all parts of the continent.

It is proposed by the British government to oblige the proprietors of Steam Boats to make their boilers of wrought iron, and, previous to their being used, to produce a certificate of an engineer as to their safety.

Spanish Cruelty.—A person who arrived in this place yesterday, from Amelia, states that an expedition sent by M^rGregor on the St. John's river, were attacked by a party of Spaniards and negroes on the 22d ult.—15 of the patriots were killed, their ears cut off, and carried to St. Augustine, for which the Spanish government gave fifty dollars a pair!!

“*St. Petersburg, (Russia,) June 4.*—In the matricular books of the inhabitants of the county called Trooiska, remitted this year, (1782,) into the chancery of the town of Moskowa, there is made mention of a peasant, named Pheador Vacilitz, (Theodore Baslides,) 75 years old, who was married but twice, and has a very numerous family. His first wife lay in 27 times; she brought forth four children at a time, at four births; of three at a time at seven births; and of twins at 16 births; so that in all she brought forth 69 children. His second wife gave light to 13 children in eight deliverances, to two in six and to three in two deliveries; so that in 35 labors of his two wives, that peasant became the father of 87 children, of whom 73 are now living.”

Count Romanzoff, a Russian Nobleman, no less distinguished for his emi-

nent talents than his great wealth, has lately undertaken several most patriotic projects, for the instruction and improvement of his countrymen. He has built four Churches upon his estates for different sects of Christians; he has also, at his own expense, engaged and sent a vessel round the world on a voyage of discovery; he is also about to establish some schools on the recently discovered system of education, for the direction of which he has sent for a competent English instructor.

Dr. Hall of Savannah has made an experimental voyage to England to test the discovery, and claim the *emoluments* and *honor* of the Magnetic influence, in determining the longitude, and it is said has so far succeeded as to leave no doubt of its accuracy, though the merit of the discovery, it is also said, is due to Dr. Joel Abbott, of Georgia, who it appears defined the *central* influence of Magnetism twenty years ago: and it may be that Dr. Abbott owes much on this score to the genius and labors of the unfortunate *Churchman*, of Philadelphia, who published a large Magnetic Chart about 25 or 26 years ago, describing this very influence, or variation of the needle, on every meridian of the Globe. But poor Churchman is gone—He died while testing his theory under the patronage of Russia.

A FAIR THIEF.

A person was brought before the police yesterday, on a charge of larceny, whose case has excited considerable interest. The prisoner has been for some time a hack driver between this city and Lansingburgh. A brother hackman lodging in the room with the prisoner, missed a small sum of money, and as no one else slept in the room, he charged the theft upon his room mate, and arraigned the supposed culprit before the police. On examining the prisoner for the stolen money, the reader may conceive the astonishment of the court, when they discovered the prisoner to be a female, in the habiliments of a man! From a letter found upon her, address-

sed to her mother in Vermont, it appears that she has travelled 1200 miles in this disguise, and proposed soon to return to the paternal roof with the fruits of her industry. Her name is Eliza Bennett; and, we lament to add, that the proofs were so strong against her as to justify her commitment for trial.—*Albany pap.*

Last night, (says a London paper of June 25) while the tragedy of Jane Shore was performing at our Theatre, the part of Dumont, by Mr. Cummins, that highly respectable veteran had just repeated the benedictory words,

"Be witness for me, ye celestial hosts,

"Such mercy, and such pardon, as my soul

"Accords to thee, and begs of Heaven to show thee;

"May such befall me at my latest hour,"

when he fell down on the stage and instantly expired. The shock inflicted upon the feelings of the audience instantly spread through the town, and we have seldom witnessed so general a tribute to departed worth, as was every where manifested. The performance, of course, immediately closed. For some time, Mr. Cummins, the circumstances of whose death so nearly resemble those of Mr. Palmer, had labored under that alarming malady designated by the name of an ossification of the heart; and to this circumstance, added to the strength of his feelings, in the mimic scene, his death is to be attributed.

USEFUL.

TO THE CLERGY OF THESE U. STATES.

Reverend Brethren.—Having preached the gospel a considerable time, and in health, about twenty years ago, I was obliged for three years, to desist from preaching, through the debility of my lungs, occasioned by no apparent cause. I applied in vain for relief to several physicians of eminence. At length, however, I obtained a perfect cure of my disorder, (for no symptom of it hath returned,) and within three months, by the free use of the decoction of Kaskarilla and the tincture of Myrrh.

Having derived such signal benefits from these tonicks, I recommended the use of them to several of my friends, who were in a state of debility through various causes, especially by age. In no instance have I known the effects of this medicine to be injurious; but, in general, very salutary, particularly when taken and persevered in by those who were in the incipient state of the Palsy, the Consumption, and also the Dropsy. But, it may be prudent in the patient, who has a physician, to take no medicine, but such as he prescribes or approves of. CLERICUS.

N. B.—The Kaskarilla is a bark that may be purchased of any apothecary for about seventy-five cents a pound. A decoction of it may be made, by steeping half a lb. of it in two or three quarts of water. A wine glass full of it may be taken once or twice a day. The tincture of Myrrh may be bought for about six cents the ounce. About two tea spoonfuls of it may be taken daily in a tea cup of water, or the decoction of Kaskarilla.

MARRIED,

By the rev. Henry Blatchford, James Scott, esq. of Richmond Va. to Miss Mary Ann M'Clay of this city.

By the rev. Mr. Jarvis, Mr. Samuel W. Coates, merchant, to Miss Charlotte Waite, eldest daughter of Mr. Robert Waite, all of this city.

[The marriage said to have taken place between Mr. Gilbert S. Nexsen, and Miss Rachel Bancker, and which we republished from another paper the 16th inst. must be considered a fabrication.]

In Edinburgh, Count Flahault, aid-de-camp to Bonaparte at the battle of Waterloo, to Margaret M. Elphinstone, daughter of Lord Keith.

DIED

Of a lingering consumption, which she bore with christian patience and resignation, Mrs. Patience Floyd, wife of Ira Floyd, in the 33d year of her age.

After a lingering illness, Mr. James Grant.

After a short illness, Mr. Thomas Brown. At the Watring Place, Rockaway, Long Island, on Sunday morning, the 24th inst. Joseph George Holman, Esq. late manager of the Charleston Theatre, in the 53d year of his age.

POWER OF PAINTING ON BRUTES.

From the American Monthly Magazine.

Messrs. Editors,—If the following anecdote of the power of painting, in deceiving canine sagacity, strike you as forcibly as it did me, I am confident you will give it a place in your Miscellany. I confess I do not recollect to have heard of an analogous case.

In the year 1815, Doctor Buchanan, of the United States' Navy, stationed at Sackett's Harbour, having sent his son to New-York for the purpose of taking passage for Europe, wrote to a friend in this city to select a portrait painter, and have the boy's likeness portrayed and sent to him. This was done, and some time after the friend received a letter expressing the father's approbation of the portrait, and relating a singular occurrence evincing the truth of the resemblance.

"My friend, capt. Heilman, has a fine pointer dog, named Pero. My dear James being an excellent shot, and fond of sporting, an intimacy was consequently formed between him and Mr. Pero—who would frequently call (as it were) for James to go a hunting. After James's absence he repeated his visit about once a week, as if seeking his former friend. The first visit he paid after the arrival of Dunlap's semblance of his sporting companion was truly affecting—The moment he came into the door the picture struck his eye,—he stood motionless, one leg raised and his tail wagging for a few moments,—he then seemed to have identified the truth of his own sight: he rapidly approached it, whining and wagging his tail,—jumped upon the chair over which it stood, and placing his forepaws on the frame, licked the hands of his quondam young friend: and this visit he repeats frequently, standing, ere his departure, with his eyes fixed on the picture and his tail wagging adieu. I presume this fact has taken place a dozen times, and in the presence of a dozen people."

Yours, &c. R. T.

We certainly do consider the circumstance narrated by our correspondent,

both extraordinary and interesting. It is, however, not the only instance we have met with of the triumph of the graphic art over brute instinct. Antiquity furnishes two remarkable incidents of the same class. Appelles had executed an equestrian painting of Alexander, with which the king was dissatisfied, but a horse passing at the instant, neighed at the steed represented in the picture—The story of the grapes, in the piece of Zeuxis, at which the birds pecked, is familiar,—though the artist confessed that had the figure of the man who carried them, been equally well drawn, it must have frightened them away.

[Here followed an account of a parrot attacking the portrait of a female servant, with whom he was on bad terms; as related in Northcote's Memoirs of Sir Joshua Reynolds.]

EXTRACT.

The education of women a century past, was for housewifery; now it is for accomplishments. The object now is, to make women artists; to give them an excellence in drawing, music, painting and dancing,—of which, persons who make these pursuits the occupation of their lives, and derive from them their subsistence need not be ashamed. Now, one great evil of all this is, that it seldom lasts. If the whole of life, as somebody says, were an Olympick game, if we could go on feasting and dancing to the end, this might do; but this is merely a provision for the little interval between coming into life and settling in it; while it leaves a long and dreary expanse behind, devoid both of dignity and cheerfulness. But few women who have passed over the few first years of life, sings, or dances, or draws, or plays upon musical instruments.

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